

THE STRIKERS.

A Street Paving Gang of Laborers Strike for More Money.

The concrete gang, employed in laying the concrete on Ohio street, preparatory to putting down the cedar blocks, this morning struck for more money. There were about forty men employed on this part of the work and not a murmur of discontent had been heard up to Saturday night, when the week's work was finished. Mr. Jno. Powell, the foreman was seen by a BAZOO reporter to-day. He said: "We bought about half of the concrete gang with us from Kansas City. This was the arrangement and general understanding the contractors would pay \$1.75 a day and furnish railroad fare to those coming here. They had been working for that in Kansas City. Upon arriving here enough men were found to finish out a complete force of laborers to work at one \$1.75 a day."

"Will you take any of the strikers back?" asked the reporter.

Well, yes, we will.

"Several new men have been procured and work will go on as rapidly as before. As far as I can find out, those from Kansas City originated the strike."

The reporter then wended his way to a crowd of strikers, and accosting one who seemed to be the leader ask what was the trouble.

"You see," said he, "we were working at \$1.75 and we got to thinking about the matter and concluded we ought to have more and so struck for two dollars."

The men were all to have been paid off this morning but on account of the strike the payment was postponed until this afternoon.

To the strangers among the strikers the BAZOO would suggest to go slow as Sedalia is a bad place for strikes to be inaugurated. As a rule strikes have come to grief here.

LATER.

About two-thirds of the strikers returned to work at one o'clock to-day. They returned to their places at the old rate, and everybody is moving along smoothly this evening. The men who are out will remain out as their places have been filled with new accessions.

Base Ball Getting Complicated.

"Apparently there is too much base ball," a down town merchant said yesterday. "The enthusiasts, or, as they are more generally known, the cranks of the game, say that the public has lost interest in the sport. The truth seems to be that only a man of great learning in base ball lore can follow the labyrinthine contests now going on. When the games were practically confined to one league even men who had never seen a base ball game instinctively turned to the sporting page of the morning paper to see the figures of the pennant race. They easily got the drift of the series of games played, and the changing schedule was part of the news of the day. Now, however, despite the ingenuity and skill of the base ball page means perplexity and a mathematical and mental tension of no mean order. Later on in the season, when the small fry are put in their place, it may be more easy to locate the leaders, but it is genuine labor now."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

It Was Intimidation.

It was in University place. A boy, preceded by a dog, was crossing by one of the paths, when he encountered a woman, preceded by a smaller dog. The two canines baited. So did their respective owners. The animals looked at each other fixedly from a distance of six feet, each with his tail waving over his back, and each uttering low growls.

"Call off your dog!" exclaimed the woman, as she saw the situation.

"Call of yours," replied the boy.

"Can't you restrain your dog!" she demanded in a high key.

"He ain't doin' nuthin'."

"Yes, he is; he's intimidating my Fido."

"But your Fido is givin' him sass. I ain't goin' to restrain my dog when your dog is a-saying he kin lick him with one hand tied behind him."

"Here, Fido; haven't you more care for your reputation than to face such a low-down dog as that? Come here, this instant! I shall punish you for this!"

Here, Shakespeare," said the boy, as he gave his dog a little kick, you tackled one just like him last fall, and you had indigestion for two months. He ain't alive; he's just pretendin' to be. He's a stuffed lamb with a dog's tail glued on, and the woman works him with a string. Come along with me, and I'll show you a reg'lar live dog down here.—New York Sun.

Cranks Not all Dead.

A little before noon to-day the BAZOO business office was called up on the telephone and the following message received:

"Meet at 9:30 p. m. to execute justice to one of the most foul and unnatural murderers that ever lived."

The one receiving the message endeavored to learn the identity of the person talking, but did not succeed in the undertaking.

To him who sent the message:

If you did it for a joke, the joke is not appreciated and no one will laugh.

If you are trying to raise a mob to take summary vengeance upon old man Williamson, you are not a good citizen, and deserve to be in jail with Williamson. Sedalia and Pettis county is a law abiding community. Old man Williamson will receive a fair trial, and get the punishment that the law meets out to him, and it will be a sore hour for any man or set of men to undertake to take him from the officer of the law. Sheriff Smith is a brave man and will defend the old man against the vicious or the cranks.

BLACK-DRAUGHT tea cures Constipation

Probate Court.

A. J. Donley vs. W. Ed. Crawford, administrator, C. C. Crawford deceased. Account. Plaintiff is given judgment for \$8.00 cost and six per cent. interest.

J. P. Walker vs. Wm. N. Whitfield, administrator, James E. Whitfield deceased. Account. Plaintiff is given judgment for \$36.00 costs and six per cent. interest.

H. T. McArthur, vs. Wm. N. Whitfield, administrator, James E. Whitfield deceased, account. Plaintiff is given judgment for \$11.35, costs and six per cent. interest.

D. H. Smith, Hardware Company, vs. S. C. Thompson, administrator Bettie, deceased, account. Plaintiff is given judgment for \$18.45, costs and six per cent. interest.

Lizzie Hughes vs. Bettie H. Gentry, administratrix Wm. M. Gentry, deceased, account. Plaintiff is given judgment for \$65, costs and six per cent. interest.

W. H. Evans vs. W. Ed. Crawford, administrator C. C. Crawford, deceased, account. Plaintiff is given judgment for \$15, costs and six per cent. interest.

BLACK-DRAUGHT tea cures Constipation.

Century Club Building.

From the New York Star.

The new Century club building on Forty-third street near Fifth avenue is at last roofed in, and is sufficiently completed to give a fair idea of how it will look when it is formally opened. It will be then one of the architectural curiosities of New York. The brick, terra cotta and stone used in the facade are of a pale and characterless yellow; the architecture of that mild French renaissance which prevailed before Ronsard and Mansard had developed its power and beauty. The arrangement of the doors and windows seems to take into consideration the problems of light and ventilation. But already the edifice looks staid, respectable and old fashioned and is very appropriate to the name and character of the club by which it is owned.

WINE OF CARDUI. A Tonic for Women.

Editorial Farming.

The editor of the Walla Walla (Ore.) Journal has tried farming, and is disgusted. Hear him: "The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadliest ignis fatuus that ever glittered to beguile and dazzled to betray is agriculture. We speak with feeling on this subject and we've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and deceived by the same arch deceiver. She has promised us bees and they flew away after putting a head on us; promised us early potatoes, and the drought had withered them. She has promised cherries; the curculio has stung them; they contain living things uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste. She has promised us strawberries, and the young chickens have devoured them. We were in the sheep business and a hard winter closed down on us, and the lambs died in the shell. No wonder that Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is he did not kill his father, and then weep because he did not have a grandfather to kill."

McElree's Wine of Cardui

and THEODORE'S BLACK-DRAUGHT are for sale by the following merchants in Sedalia.

August T. Fleischman, W. E. Bard, Mertz & Hale, O. W. Smith.

IN GREEN RIDGE, C. W. Leabo, J. S. Ream & Son.

GAILEY, W. E. Crawford.

BEAMAN, Driskell Bros.

DUMPSVILLE, Andrew Stand.

THE LAST SAD RITES.

All Earthly Remains of Major Gentry Consigned to the Tomb.

The remains of Major Gentry, in a beautiful casket, with a great profusion of floral offerings from the many friends of the deceased, were placed in the rotunda of the court house at 11 o'clock to-day, where the face of him whom the people loved, was exposed to view. Thousands of people—men, women and children from Sedalia, Pettis county, and surrounding towns and counties passed through the rotunda in solemn review of one who was soon to be consigned to the tomb.

Just before two o'clock p. m. to-day Wm. Latour, photographer took a photographic view of the casket and floral offerings, after which the following pall bearers took charge of the casket:

W. E. Bard, O. A. Crandall, J. D. Crawford, Dr. E. C. Evans, G. L. Faulhaber, D. H. Smith, Jno. W. Houx, W. W. Herold, J. R. Barrett and Jss. L. Warren.

They then proceeded to the Christian church, which would hold only a fraction of the masses.

The solemn and impressive ceremonies of the occasion were said by Elder M. M. Davis, after which the line of march to the cemetery was taken up in the following order:

Mounted police.
Grand Army of the Republic.
Masonic fraternity.
Pall bearers.
Hearse.
Relatives.
Friends in carriages, on horseback and on foot.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A SOMNAMBULIST.

Patsey Martin Hangs Himself Out a Second Story Window and Drops to the Ground.

Patsey Martin, of 510 East Third street is somewhat of a somnambulist. He arose from his couch some time during last night and hung himself out the window of his room which is in the second story. When he awakened he was banging by his hands, kicking the air with his feet. He attempted to climb back into the room but lost his hold and fell to the ground, striking feet first. He picked himself up and went into the house, and, upon examination, found the injuries sustained were a dislocated toe on his right foot and a slight cut between the toes.

Martin is employed by the M., K. & T. as a tracklayer and has been in the hospital for some with a sprained back from where he was discharged yesterday and to which place he will probably have to return to-day.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI for Weak Nerves.

An Indian Plot.

Bushyhead, the Cherokee chief, has been in Washington this winter and was one day met on the street by an old acquaintance, says a correspondent of the Britic.

"Look here, Bushyhead," said this acquaintance "I'm afraid you are up to some mischief. Why are you staying in Washington so long?"

"I am here for my people," replied Bushyhead.

"What are you doing for your people?"

The old chief drew his friend aside and, effecting secrecy, said: "I am lobbying for Senator Morgan's scheme to send the negroes back to Africa."

"What have your people to do with that?"

"Why," said Bushyhead, "when we have succeeded in deporting the negroes then we will introduce a bill to deport the white people. That will put the country in the hand of its rightful owners."

—Blue Jay twine will bind your grain better and cheaper than any other. For by McCormick Harvesting Machine Co. 62w2t

Strayed or Stolen.

At Sedalia, on the evening of May 9th, one bay mare mule, 15 hands high, about 10 years old. Had on a fair leather saddle and bridle. Saddle lined with yellow sheepskin, and on horn of saddle the figure "21". Liberal reward paid for return of the animal to J. G. NORRIS, Two and one half miles north of Sedalia. 5-27w2t

THE PLUNGE FOR LIFE.

Boston Globe.

The most dangerous feat I ever attempted was to descend with a parachute from a tight rope stretched across a canyon. I had been engaged by a hotel-keeper to perform in order to draw a crowd. I felt a little nervous when I saw an audience.

When the parachute was in readiness a deathlike hush fell over everyone present—a hush that could but effect the most insensible. While I examined the machine to see that everything was in perfect order, I sang a comic song to keep myself from thinking. Then I crossed one leg over the perch and plunged into the air.

Shall I ever forget the sensation? I'm used to sensation of this kind, too. If I had been a novice, the way in which I shot through the air would have frightened me so much that I should have lost my hold on the machine at once; but, as it was, I clung all the tighter.

The parachute did not seem to offer a particle of resistance to gravitation. I went down, down, down, like a stone. My head seemed to fly off my shoulders. The air whizzed and fluttered terribly, the horn sent forth the shrieks of a maniac. I believe I was never more confused in my life. It seemed as though I would never stop. If I continued on at this rate I should certainly go down in the earth at least ten feet.

I felt that my time had come. Then, when I had given up all hope of a change, the parachute commenced to dive and dart, and I knew that it had commenced to feel the power of resistance. With every dive the speed slackened, and finally I came to a stop that almost jerked me from my perch.

The machine righted and I commenced to float on the current I had noted the day before. I felt myself slowly descending, and had time to take breath and look below me.

I was surely and slowly drifting over to a clump of trees that would prove anything but a safe place on which to alight, I kicked my legs loose in the hope of directing the parachute northward to a slope of green grass.

But the current had it at its mercy. If I should come down gently among the branches of a tree I might escape with a few scratches, but if I struck it heavily I was sure of death.

Suddenly I became aware of a collision, and a number of shrieks that came from a woman. The air seemed to be full of pins and needles, which penetrated even my eyes. I caught a glimpse of a dainty foot, and have an indistinct memory of hearing somebody calling John and Maria. Then I felt a warm arm about my neck and the firm grasp of a man's hand. Then I think I fell asleep.

When my mind became alive to what was going on about me I looked round but could see nothing.

"Are you awake?" asked a fine sweet voice that was very welcome to my thirsty ears.

"Yes. Why is it so dark here?"

"You can't see me?"

"Not a bit of you; and my eye feel as large as a couple of oranges. Where's my parachute? How did I come here?"

"You fell," she said with a pretty little laugh.

"Did I? I thought I rode here on the points of 10,000 needles."

"Worse than needles. You fell into a hornet's nest."

"Oh, I did." I felt my hands, which were as large as any two hands ought to be. "How long must I lie in bed?"

"Until you are able to get up, I suppose," with another little laugh.

"Oh, you think it funny, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I do not! Don't you know you nearly lost your life?"

The owner of the sweet voice told me that her people had gone out to look at my parachute descent, and that after I had fallen into the tree and the hornets' nest she and her father carried me to their house in an insensible condition. Hundreds of people had come down to the valley to learn my fate, the hotel man among the number. He said he would pay all my bills, and sent down the best physician in the city. My feat was considered something wonderful and my escape marvelous.

In five days my eyes were open, and I saw the owner of the soft hand—the hand that had nursed me through my days of blindness and so gently applied lotion to my face. I was very much in love with that soft hand, and when I saw the sweet face that accompanied it I was a lost bachelor.

I have given up rope-walking and all such dangerous feats. My wife won't allow me to risk my valuable life. Yes, she calls it valuable so you see I must have turned over a new leaf.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FOUND DEAD.

John Banks Discovers the Body of a Man Badly Decomposed.

The dead body of an unknown man was found secreted in a patch of brush on the farm of John Banks, about one and one-half miles north of Sedalia, this morning. Mr. Banks immediately notified Coroner Overstreet who had the body removed to the undertaking establishment of McLaughlin Bros.

On the dead man's person was found a gold watch and a pocket book containing \$9 in money, a trunk check, Missouri Pacific Local No. 23537. The trunk was found in the baggage room and contained a suit of clothes, an overcoat several shirts, marked H. C. W. two suits of underwear, and a good many small articles, none of which would lead to the identity of the dead man, excepting an envelope which was addressed to Mrs. M. E. Warren, and it is evident that the deceased name is H. C. Warren. The body was well dressed, and, from all appearances, he was a railroad man. The trunk was received at the baggage room on May 3d, and, in all probabilities, he has been dead for two or three weeks. The body was decayed beyond recognition. An inquest will be held to-morrow at 9 o'clock.

LATER.

An inquest was held this morning by the coroner, over the body of the unknown man found in John Banks, pasture, a mile and a half north of town. The jury comprising J. W. Burriss, foreman, A. B. Hoss, J. B. Elliott, David Williams, J. B. McClure and S. C. Gold viewed the remains and after hearing the testimony of the only witness, J. W. Marsh, returned the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find that an unknown man, supposed to be named H. C. Warren, came to his death from some unknown cause."

The remains were buried this afternoon by McLaughlin at the expense of the county.

Judge Halstead, in a conversation with a BAZOO representative, stated that he had a faint recollection of reading something in one of the St. Louis papers about a stockman named Warren who is wanted by friends in that city, and they had traced him as far as buying a ticket to Sedalia.

It is doubtless if the identity of the unknown man will ever be revealed.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at Mertz & Hale's drug store.

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ONE ENJOYS

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